

DALE EATS A SUGAR SUT.

Says Kittie Mitchell Is Ever So Much Better Than Fougere.

BUT "VERY WEAK TEA"

Is the Term He Applies to the Work of Marie Dressler, Comedienne.

MISS MARIE DRESSLER has forsaken "The Man in the Moon," and turned her attention to the man at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre, "The Man in the Moon," is continuous enough, goodness knows, but variety at Proctor's is continuous.

Miss Dressler, in her present surroundings, works alone. There is no comedian to hold her feet up in the air for her. In fact she has to be on her very best behavior, and it seemed to me yesterday that she felt her responsibilities. The man at the New York and the man at Proctor's are very different clients. The former affects the spectacular and somewhat theatrical midshipman of the Theatre. The latter is a subdued and rather plaintive person who has probably been shopping for his wife, and who drops into the show in a sort of furtive, surreptitious and anxious manner.

As a caterer to this thoroughly respectable and really praiseworthy man, may I be allowed to say that Miss Dressler is not hilarious?

Although she is so genuinely humorous a woman to ever attack the maulin, still at Proctor's she adopts a sort of compromise. She sings a con song with chicken in it, and she utters a recitation in which she is largely helped by the house's pianist, who gets none of the glory and salary allotted to her. Both contributions are decidedly tame, and you get the impression—although, of course, it is false—that Miss Dressler, at a pinch, would burst into "Home, Sweet Home," or "Me Mother Bids Me Dye Me Hair."

The furtive, surreptitious and anxious afternoon man gave her very scant applause, and I don't think that she deserves very much more. I thought of her pathetic moment in the "Man in the Moon," when she hung herself across a masculine arm and hung with head down and feet up in a tremulous suspension. Altogether, it is a tiresome entertainment. Miss Dressler seemed to be very weak tea.

Kittie Mitchell, billed as "the dainty comedienne," and of whom I have spoken before, looks like Marie Dressler through the wrong end of the opera glass. This little lady is impudent, immensely, and there seems to be some ground for her assumption of daintiness, a quality of which every cook thinks herself possessed. Miss Mitchell, had been brought from abroad, taught to sing in an unimpeachable language and boomed as a "dainty comedienne." I thought of her pathetic moment in the "Man in the Moon," when she hung herself across a masculine arm and hung with head down and feet up in a tremulous suspension. Altogether, it is a tiresome entertainment. Miss Dressler seemed to be very weak tea.

However, I am glad enough to prefer her to all your Fougere and your Cornettes. She is artistic, wholesome and charming. Her little spoken words that she has done so often, "Mine, all mine," is a gem of diction, feeling, and that particular sort of unobtrusive pathos which does much more for recent armchair and mommers-with-the-angels.

I am quite sure, however, that if Miss Mitchell were far less fat and vulgar, her voice would be greater. I commend her to the attention of those ladies who believe that it is impossible to attract attention without rakishness and friskiness, and, in particular, I should like to see La Fougere watching her gestures and manner, which, though not Parisian, are as chic as they can be obtained. Let the dainty-voiced comedienne go and hear Miss Mitchell's "Hiding Moon" song—sung, I believe, in "Mother Goose."

Let Miss Mitchell continue to add to her little stock of dainty ditties, and she will be in great request without those magic qualifications "from the Folies Bergeres," "direct from the London Hippodrome," or "especially engaged from the Concert des Ambassadeurs."

Corra Stuart, Alexander Kearney and company present a musical comedy, entitled "The Fair Equestrienne." It is not a very enticing bit of work. Miss Stuart, whom, with the best of intentions, I am tempted to consider fair, jumps upon a sofa, after (very much after) the style of poor Rosina Vokes, and does a circus act. Her lover, she explains, is expecting a circus rider to sup with him (oh, shocking!) and she is mistaken for the equestrienne. Hence her efforts to live up to her name. Miss Stuart sings like Francis Wilson—as though she were gargling her throat, and you feel sorry that the real equestrienne does not appear.

Edward Lauri, a George Edwards young man, is the serio-comic of the Proctor's programme. Scarcely a day goes by without both song and dance. This is an abnormal condition of things. You have grown so used to hearing these things, and dancing with rheumatic limbs, that Mr. Lauri was something of a shock. His songs were good, well spoken, well sung, and he avoided that little affair which he did at Koster & Bial's, "Bother the Belle of New York." This was a London arrangement that did not hold good here, where "The Belle of New York" did not tally with us long. Lauri's nimble, hilarious dancing was amusing to watch.

Let me see. What else was there? Howe and Scott appeared as "the two real Jews" in the usual tinsel, idiosyncrasy and offensiveness, chattering about fires, fallacies and parsimony, flavored with the equally tiresome "Do not interrupt me" jargon. They were very bad. An artist, how a set of presumably intelligent people can laugh at the insane proceedings of such a pair as Howe and Scott is a mystery to me.

The only explanation seems to be that anything particularly and aggressively bad is redoubled in favor with a certain class of theatre patrons.

Two very young people, Cyr and Hill, contributed an industrious act. Cyr and Hill are evidently in a hurry. Two or three years of preparation would be invaluable to them, I should say. Even then they would be rather young.

KENDALS SEEN IN THEIR NEW PLAY.



Alma Powell Engaged for Castle Square Opera Company.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL appeared at Philadelphia on Monday in their new play, "The Elder Miss Blossom," which will be seen in New York during the present season.

Alma Powell, a former member of the Danrosch Opera Company, was yesterday engaged for the Castle Square Opera Company. Miss Powell, on her mother's side, is related to Daniel Webster, and on her father's side to the Pendleton family, of Virginia.

She studied law at the New York University, from which she holds a chancellor's certificate, and while singing is also studying for the degree of Master of Laws.

MIDDLETOWN FIRE LADDIES WILL CELEBRATE TO-DAY.

Chiefs of Departments from Many Neighboring Cities Are Present to Aid the Good Work.

Middletown, N. Y., Oct. 11.—The triennial celebration of the Fire Department will take place to-morrow, and this city is gayly decorated for the occasion.

Charles Higham, chief of the department, has turned over his hotel to guests, who are visiting chiefs from various cities in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and include Chiefs Boeg, of Blington; Johnson, of Lestershire; Perry, of Deposit; Latham, of Norwich; Gannon, of Wallingford; Port, of New York; and others.

There will be twenty companies and twenty bands in line. The parade will be followed by numerous banquets and a display of fireworks.

VICTIM SHOT A ROBBER; ROBBER SHOT A VICTIM.

Two Bold Hold-Ups in One Night by Two Masked Men at Plainfield, N. J.

Hornee G. Hand, of No. 711 East Sixth street, Plainfield, N. J., was held up by two masked highwaymen in the outskirts of the city on Tuesday night. He drew his revolver and started to ride away on his wheel, whereupon one of the highwaymen struck him on the arm, knocking him down. Hand fired twice at them, wounding one.

That the wounded robber was not disabused is indicated by the experience of William T. Brown, of No. 408 West Third street, and William Tabb, of Duellen, an hour later in the extreme western end of the city. They were also held up by two men, and a fierce struggle followed. The highwaymen were getting the worst of the fight when they broke away and one drew a revolver. He fired at Brown and Tabb, and the bullet took effect in the wrist of the former. Then the robbers escaped on bicycles.

JULIA MARLOWE'S HIT.

Actress Captures a Philadelphia Audience with Her New Play.

Julia Marlowe, in her new play, "Barbara Frietche," was so warmly received in Philadelphia last Monday evening that she was compelled to return to the stage from her dressing room nearly ten minutes after the final fall of the curtain, and, contrary to her rule, make a short speech of thanks. Two bolshoius recalls at the end of the play brought every member of the company across the footlights.

Patience Burns Away from Bellevue. Movie Hiccup, fifty years old, of No. 210 East Twenty-ninth street, an inmate of the alcoholic ward at Bellevue Hospital, escaped yesterday, and no trace of her has been found. The last escaped patient was rescued from the floor after drinking himself over the rail at the end of the ground. The woman was taken to the hospital on Tuesday night. The alcoholic patients are at prisoners.

SEE THE WEST, WED IN THE EAST.

Young Dr. Moore Finds His Fate in the Michigan Mines.

SHE WAS MISS STANTON.

They Will Return Soon to the Scene of Their Courtship.

In the Westminster Presbyterian Church, on West Twenty-third street, occurred last night, the culminating scene of a pretty romance which began in a Western mining camp. It was the ceremony of Miss Helen Louise Stanton's marriage to Dr. John William Moore.

Rugged but picturesque was the scene of their courtship, and equally picturesque was that of their wedding, for Thorsley had trimmed the church with quantities of gorgeous white chrysanthemums and palms. The bride carried lilies of the valley and white orchids. Her only attendant was a matron of honor, Mrs. George Taylor Clark. The bride's brother, John R. Stanton, Charles Tyler Dugan, Walter B. Sample, Captain Frank W. Lund, Charles H. Payne, of Boston, and George T. Clarkson, of Pittsburg, served as ushers.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Robert F. Sample, assisted by the Rev. Dr. J. W. White. Later in the evening a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Stanton, No. 410 West Twenty-third street, where one of the rooms was filled with presents, some coming from Atlantic Mines, Michigan, where Dr. Moore wooed and won his bride.

She comes of a family which for several generations has been interested in mining. The bride's father, an authority on copper, her brother, Frank M. Stanton, who was Dr. Moore's best man last night, is a Superintendent of Mines in Michigan.

Some years ago she went out there to keep house for her brother. About that time the old doctor, who had looked after the miners and smelters and their families for years, found he needed some one to help him in his practice. Dr. Moore, then a Detroit resident, went from Detroit to assist him.

It was not long before the young doctor became acquainted with Miss Stanton. Travelling about among the rude cabins of the miners, he won the affection of the little ones, and with it the confidence of the miners and smelters. For wherever he went visiting the sick, a troupe of children trotted at his heels.

Charles placed the blame for the Refuge, which apparently places the blame on the managers who served under the administration of former Governors Morton and Black.

The report was made by the new board to the State Board of Charities. It tells of the carelessness of watchmen, and continues:

"The laxness of discipline has been found among other officers. One prominent officer had frequently kept his personal attendant from payers to assist in dressing and undressing the inmates. The rooms to be used in cooking was used by inmates. Stores were pilfered from the pantry and taken to an officer's closet."

We found inmates trying to rid themselves of bedbugs by pounding the springs of their beds with hair brushes.

Called Inmates Foul Names. "There is considerable reason to believe that some officers have called inmates by foul names, and have at times irritated them into outbreaks. No proper precautions were taken to prevent the spread of disease, and the inmates thus afflicted were bathed in the same tubs used by other inmates, although these tubs had not been properly cleaned."

"There is no justification for the use of corporal punishment as it has been administered at Hudson. Secrecy and deception accompanied its use. The record of punishments is known to be so inaccurate as to throw grave suspicion on its reliability in any respect. The late superintendent confessed to this board that when questioned about corporal punishment by Inspector Dorr she directly evaded the truth."

By her own statement the late superintendent indicated this punishment when engaged in the general supervision of the young mother whose baby was only five months old.

State Constitution Violated. "Laundry work has been done for a manager; cooking was done for the same manager; ice cream was frozen, dress-making done, lace and embroidery were made. It is alleged that this work was paid for in part at least, but the violation of the State constitution was just as serious. Provisions from the House of Refuge were delivered by the institution cartilage to other people in town."

The general morale of the inmates is far from satisfactory. The practice of "smashing out" has long prevailed. This phrase refers to attacks of destructive desire arising at times. Window glass, transoms, door panels—anything that can be reached by the inmates—has been smashed to pieces. It will undoubtedly be a long time before such traditions and practices of such long continuance can be eradicated.

Further, there seems to be a feeling prevalent among the inmates of discouragement and the feeling that "it does not pay to be good."

Fell to Death from Cathedral Arch. James O'Connell fell from the top arch of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, at One Hundred and Thirtieth street and Monticello Park, on which he was working at 3:30 o'clock yesterday. He was instantly killed. His body was taken to his home in Manhattan street.

Steamer's Officers Have Yellow Fever. Santiago de Cuba, Oct. 11.—The Mobile Line steamer Florida, Captain Hansen, arrived here yesterday with her first officer and chief engineer ill with yellow fever, which they had contracted at Havana. The chief engineer will probably die.

McFadden-Gans Match Is Off. The proposed match between George McFadden and Joseph Gans has been decided off by William Roche, the former's manager.

SADIE MARTINOT SUED FOR \$10,000.



Her Butler Caused Arrest of a Fish Vender, Charging "Flim-Flam."

TWO FIVES FOR A FIFTY.

Discharged by Court, Tradesman Demands Reparation in Cash.

A little matter combining a fifty-dollar bill, a short-sighted butler, some fresh mackerel, the driver of a fish wagon and a police court threatens to cost Miss Sadie Martinot \$10,000. That is the sum demanded by James H. McAleese, a fish vender, whose feelings are hurt.

The documents in the case show that on or about September 20 Miss Martinot, needing change for a fifty-dollar bill, sent Charles, her butler, out to get it.

At the door Charles espied McAleese's fish wagon, and being stout, after the fashion of butlers, he concluded he would go no further for his change. McAleese, who was employed by John Hilcox, who has a fish market at No. 271 Columbus avenue, was in the act of delivering some fresh mackerel intended for the actress's breakfast. He readily agreed to change the bill, and handed Charles two fives for the one the butler handed him.

When Charles gave Miss Martinot the two fives a scene followed, and Charles doubted if Miss Martinot had ever thrown more warmth into anything she had ever done on the stage.

Then Charles explained, and Miss Martinot agreed to accompany him to Hilcox's and have the mistake rectified. But the proprietor of the fish market could do nothing, as McAleese declared the butler had only given him a ten-dollar bill. Thereupon the unhappy Charles was informed that his mistress would hold him personally responsible.

Then the butler had McAleese arrested and taken to the West Side Police Court, in Fifty-fourth street, where the Magistrate found the evidence insufficient to hold the prisoner and discharged him.

At this point McAleese got indignant and concluded to have revenge. He therefore began an action in the City Court for the recovery of \$10,000 damages by reason of false imprisonment.

On behalf of Miss Martinot, Emanuel Pfend filed an answer yesterday denying that she compelled the butler to cause McAleese's arrest.

PUBLIC LIBRARY GROWS IN VOLUMES AND READERS.

More Visitors at Astor and Lenox and Nearly 500,000 Books in Stock.

Dr. J. S. Billings, director, in his annual report to the trustees of the New York Public Library, Lenox, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations, presented yesterday.

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FIGHTING ROOSTER KILLS A TINY GIRL.

Tetanus Results from His Pecks, and of This She Dies.

A WEEK OF AGONY.

The Disease Did Not Show Itself Until Fourteen Days After the Pecking.

Four-year-old Rosa Wunsch was laid to rest yesterday in Holy Trinity Cemetery, and the circumstances under which she died will be thoroughly investigated by Coroner Delap.

The child succumbed on Monday to tetanus at the home of her parents, No. 307 Melrose street, Williamsburg. Her death certificate and the report of Coroner's Physician Newman reveal the peck of a rooster as the cause of tetanus.

Rosa was gathering clover blossoms in a vacant lot near her home on September 16. Her mother had given her a slice of bread. The rooster, which belonged to a neighbor, Mr. Schuber, and about a dozen hens, were in the lot. The rooster followed the girl and picked up the crumbs as she dropped them.

The rooster became impatient and tried to get the slice of bread from her hand. She held it above her head, and the rooster flew up to get it. In many did he become at his failure that he pecked her face four times. The girl ran home crying. Her mother applied hot water to the bleeding wounds on each cheek, but thought little of them.

Fourteen days later Rosa became seriously ill. Mrs. Wunsch did not call in a doctor until October 2, when the child went into convulsions. Dr. R. W. Glauert, of No. 338 Evergreen avenue, diagnosed the case as tetanus. Rosa suffered agony until she died on Monday.

In his death certificate Dr. Glauert stated that the child had been bitten by a rooster. The Health Department collected the certificate and notified the Coroner, who stopped the funeral and directed Dr. Charles Newman to make an investigation. This resulted in a report that death was due to tetanus, the result of the rooster's pecking.

Rosa's father says he will sue the owner of the rooster for damages. It is thought that the rooster had some decayed matter in its beak and that this caused blood poisoning.

"This rooster," said Mrs. Wunsch yesterday, "is a fighting bird, and has bitten other children. Mrs. Schuber has been told several times that it was vicious, but the bird is still around."

Policeman Run Over by Runaways.

A team of horses ran away with a bottling wagon at noon yesterday, crossing from Seventh to Madison avenue on Fifty-ninth street. They ran over Policeman Gardiner, of the First Fifty-first street station, and dashed into a Madison avenue electric car, causing much excitement, but no serious injury among the passengers. In trying to stop the horses the policeman fell, and one of the wheels passed over him. He is in a dangerous condition at Flushing Hospital. The driver, Frederick Conrad, was arrested.



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